

Silk by **Rebldomakr**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alpha Steve Harrington, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Billy Hargrove isn't a Complete Asshole, Drabble, Joyce pretty much adopts Billy 'kay you have to read to figure out know, M/M, Neil Hargrove Sucks Shit, Omega Billy Hargrove

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jonathon Byers, Joyce Byers, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-21

Updated: 2017-12-21

Packaged: 2022-04-03 14:55:45

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,393

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

In Indiana, Omega suppressants are banned. Billy runs out after a while.

Silk

Author's Note:

this is a basic ass drabble, sorry for any leftover mistakes

In California, Billy was on suppressants and birth control. He took two pills daily, one in the morning and one at night, to ensure he wouldn't get his heat. He took the birth control in the morning, too. He always wore condoms, refusing to end up with a kid he wasn't ready for. He might be an Omega, but he could still knock up a girl.

But in Indiana, the suppressants were illegal and the birth control was expensive. His uncle sent him enough money to fill the prescription every month. Still, he knew it wasn't going to be enough. He was going to go into heat at some point, and soon. He managed to pack a good amount of them with him when they moved, but they ran out fast without anywhere to refill the bottles.

The day he ran out of them was the day Max had sneaked out. He was going to let off some steam with some stupid cow from school that he'd asked out. The Hawkins girls were mostly stupid, but it was obvious their boys weren't doing much for them if their best option was an Omega. Billy didn't know when his heat was going to slam into him and he really wasn't ready for it anyways. The last heat he'd experienced was when he was nine, but his father stocked him full of the suppressants the moment he found out.

Neil Hargrove hated his son, but at least he didn't hate him enough to let him get taken so young. Now he obviously didn't care, figured Billy was old enough to handle whatever he had to handle. If not, the he was even more a stupid Omega than the man thought.

Billy doubted he'd be able to ever prove his dad wrong, but at least Hawkins was nearly entirely devoid of Alphas. He only knew of one, Steve Harrington, who was chasing after Nancy Wheeler. It shouldn't be a problem, he figured.

With Max missing, Billy was sent to go find her. He'd talked to the

Sinclair family. It made his skin itched and he was constantly looking over his shoulder, like his father was going to appear and punch him for being nice to blacks. Still, they helped him and it was grateful for that. He went to the Wheeler house next. Mrs. Wheeler was an easy target, she was tripping over herself just to keep him smiling. It still make him anxious, and gave him a nasty feeling in his gut he couldn't explain. He was given his final destination.

He parked outside the Byers' house and stepped out of his car. He grinned. "Am I dreaming, or is that you, Harrington?" He cackled.

Steve Harrington had his hands on his hips. He looked like an upset mother, about to scold their child for doing something they weren't supposed to. "Yeah, it's me. Don't cream your pants."

Billy tilted his head slightly to the head. A flame of pure heat raced up his entire body. *Fuck, it's hot.* He rotated his shoulders and pulled off his jacket, throwing it through the open window of his car. "What're you doing here, amigo?" He questioned.

"I could ask you the same thing." Harrington practically rushed forward, but Billy took slow, lazy steps.

He let his cigarette hang from the side of his mouth. "Looking for my stepsister. A little birdie told me she was here."

"Huh, that's weird. I don't know her." Harrington said.

"Small, redhead." Billy reminded. "Bit of a bitch." The heat flared up again and he resisted the urge to punch something.

"Doesn't ring a bell, sorry buddy." Harrington said.

Billy looked over at the window behind Steve. "You know, Harrington-" Suddenly, the heat burned its way over his back and a large burst of pain, like Neil had kicked in his ribs, shot up and down his chest. He collapsed, letting out a near-scream.

"Holy fuck." Harrington gaped above him.

"Fuck you!" Billy hissed then curled into himself, the pain growing every damned second. He realized with horror that it has to be heat,

he doesn't know what else it could be. He didn't know why it came so soon, he'd just taken a pill last night, *what the fuck-*

"Woah, woah! Hargrove!" Harrington sounded frantic, but Billy's eyes weren't open. "Shit! Hold on, alright! I'll call an ambulance-"

"No!" Billy gasped, eyes shooting open. "No! Just, let me get Max and **go.**" He was definitely begging, but that didn't matter. He forced himself to uncurl and tried to stand up, but as soon as he was halfway there his knees buckled and he was back on the ground.

"There's no way you can drive! You'd kill yourself and her!" Harrington hissed.

Billy snarled. He tried to stand again, this time he succeeded. "Fuck you, Harrington!" And threw a punch. The first one missed, but the one that followed didn't. It slammed straight into Steve's jaw. He threw a second, landing it directly on the side of his head.

He felt smug, even as he fell back to the ground and lost consciousness. At least Steve was knocked out, too.

Billy woke up in a room he didn't recognize at all. A woman was wiping a cold wet cloth across his forehead. He was still dressed the exact same way he'd been when he fell asleep, only his shoes were missing. Everything was definitely wrinkled, too, but no immediate evidence that anything happened to him when he was asleep.

"You're awake." The woman smiled. "I'm Joyce Byers. We found outside." She said.

"Yeah?" Billy snorted. "Where's my stepsister at?"

"She's been taken back home." She said. "I didn't want you being driven around in your condition, and Steve told me you didn't want to be taken to the hospital."

Billy closed his eyes. Small blessings, he figured.

“Hopper, the chief, said you had a heat sickness.” She told him, removing the cloth from his skin. “You’ve been on suppressants a long time, right?”

He nodded.

“It wasn’t a real heat, but it just your body trying to force all the toxins out while it could.” She explained. “That’s what Hopper told me. You should feel better soon. When you do, your car is outside, but if you’re not up to driving, feel free to ask myself or Hopper to drive you.”

“Heat sickness?” He questioned. He knew what that was. Some Omegas, when suddenly taken off their suppressants, had a false-heat where their body sent them into a fever as it tried to sweat out the crap in the suppressants that’d taken away their heats in the first place. He didn’t know it could so fucking soon after. He hoped he didn’t vomit when he was unconscious.

“You did vomit a lot. We tried giving you water.” She said. “Think you can drink some now? At least the if you puke again, it’ll be water, not stomach acid.”

“Yeah. I’ll like some water.” Billy said, opening his eyes.

The women, Joyce Byers, smiled at him. “I’ll be right back.” She patted his shoulder and left the room, carrying with her the bowl of icy water and the wet cloth.

Billy wondered how pissed his dad was at him.

The door was left open. In the hallway, he could see paper and tape stuck on the wall, but also a few family photos. The Byers’, right. The freak boy and the Zombie Boy. Naturally, it’d be their mother who was taking care of him. He figured he could lighten up on the freak for a while to pay her back.

Naturally, Steve Harrington appeared. He stared at Billy for three seconds before bolting down the hall.

“Fucking weirdo.” Billy muttered.

Chief Hopper had told Neil that Billy had gotten heat sickness while looking for Max. Max called the police and Hopper came to the scene, but Billy refused to let himself be taken to the hospital. So, instead, Hopper let a woman, Joyce Byers, take care of him while he took Max home. Neil still nearly broke his nose when he came back.

Billy had been gone for two days, staying at the Byers, until he'd crawled back home. Ms. Byers kept him feed, watered, and taken care of. He was given some old clothes she had stored away, which were luckily fitting. Jonathon Byers donated some of his clothes, too. Billy decided he would punch Tommy the next time he called Byers a freak. Will Byers was sick, at least his mother insisted, but moved around and acted like Billy was a superstar and followed him around like a puppy.

The consequences of that night faded away, except for one. His scent, a pure Omega scent, went unfiltered now. It was fucking obvious to anyone who didn't already know, it leaked out of him like water came out of a broken pipe.

He slammed Tommy's head into the locker to keep his personal vow to the Byers family. He also threatened a few middle school assholes who he heard call Will 'Zombie Boy'. He figured they deserved respect, their family was a good one. Billy also got to punch Carol without any consequences. To be honest, any reprimands for him were nonexistent. No one seemed willing to scold the Omega Billy Hargrove. That suited him just fine, he got enough shit from his dad.

Weeks passed, things normalized. Billy got his head once every month. Like all other Omegas who lived in states that banned suppressants, he worked through it and stayed home when it was the worst. He got into more fights during his heat, the craving physical contact and to break someone's were equal.

Winter hit its peak in January. Billy kept tightly bundled in multiple layers, glaring at anyone who wanted to say some shit about the kid from California. He got his Indiana ID that month, too, and Ms. Byers helped him get a job at the store she worked at. It paid for his gas and, when his uncle stopped sending money because of issues at his farm, it paid for his birth control pills. Not like he was having very much sex.

He and Harrington kept out of each other's way. Billy left basketball after the coach pissed him off and they didn't share a single class, so the only time they happened to see the other was in passing glances.

It was still cold as shit in February, but Billy was able to remove a layer. He was going over to the Byers' twice a week for dinner and was trying to convince Ms. Byers to let him pay her for the food he eats. It wasn't even his shift, but he hung around at the store a lot regardless. The owner, Donald Melvald, liked him and let him loiter as long as he paid for the sodas he took and didn't try to convince Jeffrey to let him buy whiskey.

"Harrington!" Billy welcomed the moment Steve Harrington stepped into the store. He didn't know how Harrington managed to walk around with only two layers, but at least he didn't look like a trainwreck like Tommy did when he tried.

"Hargrove." Harrington waved. "Um, I need forks."

"Forks?" Billy repeated, snorting.

"The maid stole all our forks- I really don't want to explain. I just need forks." Harrington said.

Billy snickered. "Your maid stole all your forks?" He questioned.

"I don't know why either." Harrington suddenly looked like someone had kicked his dog and laughed in his face about it. "I just need forks until my parents get back and buy new ones." He said.

Billy looked at Jeffrey, who looked stoned out of his mind. He shrugged. "I'm not the clock, but I'm a kind soul." He said. "Come on."

He showed Harrington their forks; cheap stainless steel cutlery and their plastic cousins. Harrington stared aimlessly at them.

"Do you need help choosing forks?" Billy asked.

"No." Harrington answered after a few seconds. "Um," He scratched the back of his head then looked at Billy, squinted his eyes before relaxing again. "There's a new movie at the theater, do you want to

go see it with me?”

Billy stared. Harrington stared back. “Did you make up a lie about your maid stealing your forks?” He asked.

“She stole food from the fridge.” Harrington said. “And one fork. She asked me, though, so it doesn’t really count as stealing.”

“So, you’re asking me out?” Billy questioned, folding his arms. He leaned against the shelves. “Why?”

Harrington looked down at the floor briefly, heading turning down just for a second. “I don’t know.” He admitted. “I just,” He shrugged. “I really don’t know.”

No one cared about two guys dating if it was an Alpha and Omega, unless it was people like his father. Billy already knew Hawkins didn’t really give a shit, but, more importantly, his dad did. Neil Hargrove would definitely kick his ass if he found out.

Still, Steve was the only Alpha in town and Billy’s been itching for **something**. The girls were still all very eager, but since he started getting his heats, he wanted more. All the guys were annoying as shit, Betas that would probably take the event of fucking an Omega and tell anyone who’d listen.

“Yeah, I’ll go. But I’m picking your ass up and you’re paying.” Billy said.

Harrington bobbed his head.

The movie was about a guy who had to fake someone’s death before they went into witness protection program. It ends with the guy actually killing the person he was only supposed to fake-kill, and taking fifteen million dollars from the mafia.

Billy only knew the vaguest details. Halfway through the movie, he was trying to fit on Steve’s lap in the too-small seat. He could hear his father calling him a slut in the back of his head, but it felt fucking

amazing to feel someone's hard dick pressed against his. He melted in minutes and fell to the floor after, sucking Steve off for nearly a half-hour until the other boy finally came. Billy had cum dripping down his chin, but he felt amazing just kneeling on the dirty, sticky floor with Steve's soft dick resting on his cheek and a salty taste in his mouth that definitely didn't come from the popcorn.

By the way, there wasn't anyone else in the theater. Billy didn't know how the fuck they were so lucky, but he wasn't going to complain.

"Want to go out to eat?" Steve offered as they left. "I'm still paying." He added.

Billy glanced at his wristwatch. It was ten to eight. His dad was always home at seven thirty unless it was his day off of work, but he knew his dad was working today. So Neil was at home with Susan and Max, living a happy family life without Billy around to ruin it. "Yeah." He agreed. "I eat a lot." He warned.

He took three showers when he came home to wash off the scent of Steve Harrington, then drenched himself in cologne. Nothing could remove his natural scent, but at least he could wash off the Alpha. In the morning, he sat paranoid at the kitchen table, feeling as though Neil would somehow know and promptly kick his ass like he deserved for fucking an Alpha after a single date.

After the weekend, on Monday at school, Billy was sure everyone would know that Harrington fucked him on the hood of his car. No one did. He then figured Steve would just ignore them. But he didn't. Nope, he fucking followed Billy around. Billy wished he could at least lie to himself and say he hated it.

Steve bought Billy his lunch and kissed him afterschool in the empty hallway. "I promised to give Dustin a ride." He said. "I've gotta go, sorry."

"The fuck is a Dustin?" Billy questioned.

"Um, one of Max' friends. I'm like his mentor." At least Steve had the decency look embarrassed. Billy snorted.

“He going to the arcade with her?” Billy asked.

Steve nodded.

“Then we’ll meet up there.” Billy decided.

“Great!” Steve said, grinning.

He dropped Max off at the arcade and followed Steve’s car to the Harrington house.

Over the course of the remaining months of the school year, Billy learned a lot about Steve Harrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrington were home maybe two days out of the week. In their absence, they loaded Steve with a large allowance and people to clean up after him. His clothes were done by one of two maids, who came by while he was at school. Someone came by to maintain the (heated) pool once a week, except when snow and ice were on the ground and there wasn’t any water inside of it. Mr. Harrington worked in real estate and mining, while Mrs. Harrington was a former model and failed actress. They were a classic Alpha-Omega pair, too, traditional except for Mrs. Harrington’s demands to let her work alongside him.

They showed affection through gifts and money. Billy figured out pretty quickly Steve would much rather have his parents actually talk to him. Steve’s dad wanted him to become his apprentice, not go to college and just go straight into work. He knew Steve wanted to become something more than just his father’s son, but also liked the easiness of just following in his footsteps.

“You could always go to college later.” Billy said to him. “Or, I don’t fucking know, just study on your own and not pay a bunch of assholes to teach you shit you could learn by yourself.” He paused. “I don’t fucking know. I can’t say shit. I don’t even know what to do after I graduate.”

“If I work for my dad, I’d get a paycheck and all the benefits.” Steve

said. "I could stick around and, y'know," He waved his hands around.

"I don't know. I just fucking said that, retard." Billy said.

"Watch after Dustin and you." Steve said.

"Only I don't need to be watched." Billy said, shoving Steve's head down. "Jesus. I'm not a kid."

Steve laughed. "I know." He said. "I just don't want you to forget about me. I want-" He cut himself off.

Billy stared. He swallowed the spit his mouth. "I'll follow you wherever you go, Harrington." He promised right then. It was stupid, yeah. Should probably experience more before dying himself down to an Alpha, shouldn't make promises his dad would kill him for, or kill Steve for. He thought of Ms. Byers, who was more of a parent than his dad could ever be and- "I'll follow you." He repeated.

"I love you." Steve said. He seemed ready to be rejected.

"Yeah, fuck you, I love you too." Billy pulled hard at Steve's hair. The other teen laughed.

Billy turned eighteen one week before graduation. Ms. Byers made him a cake and he celebrated it with a family that wasn't his. He shoved a piece of cake into Will's face then helped him do the same to Jonathon. Nancy Wheeler was there and he mostly liked her, figured he never would entirely love her but she also was with Steve before him. Billy was possessive of what he deemed his. Steve paid to get his belly button pierced a town over, and got him an entirely new wardrobe of clothes that he admitted his mother helped him buy.

He wondered then if he'd be happy just to be Steve's trophy Omega. He decided he'd probably fucking love it.

"You should mark me." Billy said a day after he turned eighteen. He hadn't gone back to the Hargrove residence since he left the previous day, spending the night with the Harrington's.

Steve coughed into his cup of juice, gagging and slamming it down on the counter. "What?" He yelped, sounding extremely high pitched.

"Steve," Billy sighed.

"I want to, I just, are you sure?" Steve started tapping his fingers across the counter. "I mean, it can't exactly be undone."

"I'll fucking punch you." Billy sneered. "I've already fucking admitted I'll be a proper fucking Omega, I swear to God, I'll kick your ass if you-"

"I'll mark you!" Steve cut him off. "Can we," He licked his lips. "Wanna do it now?" Billy grinned.